

[24/06/06][18:41:59] -

Title: "Spirits of the Dead"

Author: Edgar Allen Poe.

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A black and silver
leatherbound book,
etched with a
pentagram.

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Thy soul shall find
itself alone

'Mid dark thoughts of
the grey tomb-stone;

Not one, of all the
crowd, to pry
Into thine hour of
secrecy.

Be silent in that
solitude,

Which is not
loneliness- for then
The spirits of the
dead, who stood

In life before thee,
are again

In death around thee,
and their will
Shall overshadow thee;
be still.

The night, though
clear, shall frown,

And the stars shall
not look down
From their high
thrones in the Heaven

With light like hope to
mortals given,

But their red orbs,
without beam,

To thy weariness
shall seem

As a burning and a
fever

Which would cling to
thee for ever.
Now are thoughts
thou shalt not banish,

Now are visions ne'er
to vanish;

From thy spirit shall
they pass
No more, like dew
drop from the grass.

The breeze, the
breath of God, is still,

And the mist upon the
hill
Shadowy, shadowy,
yet unbroken,

Is a symbol and a
token.

How it hangs upon the
trees,
A mystery of
mysteries!

- Edgar Allen Poe.